

A  
DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

A. and B.

Containing some

REMARKS

UPON

Mr. STEELE's Letter

TO THE

Englishman:

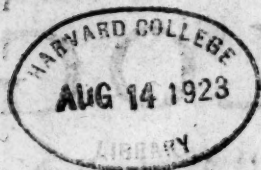
BEING

A *Supplement* to the *Examiner*.

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Shapleigh Fund

THE  
DEDICATION

TO THE

*Englishman alias Dutchman.*

S I R,

**A**Ccording to the usual Custom of those that write Dedications, I confess to have Stolen mine. But since I could not make so good a One my self, and since the Application is so Just, I hope you will approve of my doing it, when I have first assured You that 'tis taken out of a Preface written by no less a Hand than Mr. *Dryden's*, and placed before *Marc Anthony*, the best Tragedy in the English Language.

S I R,

# DEDICATION.

SIR,

'Should You own Your self  
' Publickly, and come from be-  
' hind the *Lion's* Skin, they whom  
' You Condemn would be Thank-  
' ful to You, and they whom You  
' Praise would Chuse to be Con-  
' demned: And the Magistrates,  
' whom You would Elect, will, if  
' they have any Modesty, withdraw  
' from their Employment, to a-  
' void the Scandal of Your Nomi-  
' nation, as I withdraw from the  
' usual Stile of Dedications, to a-  
' void the Scandal of saying,

SIR,

*Your humble Servant.*

A



A

# DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

A. and B.

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*--He whose Words and Fortunes disagree,  
Absurd, unpity'd, grows a publick Jest.*

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A. I Have all this Day long been hunting up and down the Town to find you out. I know you love to talk about Matters of Speculation, and to tell how they ought usefully to be reduc'd into Practise: You have as good a Stock of Wit as most Men in the World, and I am not acquainted with any Body that I would go to sooner for his Judgment in any Thing.

B. Will you never ha' done with your Compliments. — And to a Friend too? —

A. I

*A.* I will never miss giving you an Occasion of meriting more than I can pay — I will give you now an Account of a Man, against whom I would fain provoke you to write as tartly, and *handle* him as severely as he merits, that he may know how he ought to be *handled*, and learn how to *behave* : And that you may gain as much Fame as he has lost, which, let me tell you, is not a little.

*B.* Who's this you've such a Spleen against ; I know you're not apt to be angry ?

*A.* But here's an Occasion for all honest Men to be so. To be short : Here's a Pamphlet come out, and call'd the *Englishman*.

*B.* So miscall'd, you mean.

*A.* Good.

*B.* I have read it over, for I *would* have Patience ; I perus'd the awkward Pamphlet.

*A.* I am glad you have, because the Trouble is past, and because, without losing Time, you may directly tell me your Thoughts upon't. But I would have you speak on't, as to the Two Heads, of which the Letter, that is in it, treats Wit and Policy : Give me your Opinion of those two Things.

*B.* Of those two Things the Author of that Letter *does*, but does *awkardly* attempt to treat ; that's my Opinion.

*A.* And you think, that, as much as he talks of Wit and Policy, he shews neither the Wit nor the Politician ?

*B.* Right : And as little as I am either my self, I can make out what I urge. But alas, 'tis a common Thing grown now a Days. *Sir*, to talk of what one does not understand. Mr. D——, the

he Discarded Whig-Poet, treats of the Rules of the *Dramma*; but never could write a Play. The *Guardian* recommends Oeconomy very well, and yet is, if he is not bely'd, the least of an Oeconomist, for a Man of his Parts, that ever was known. Nay, great Wits have been great Fools, and great Politicians have not been half so cunning and sly as little Children. So fares it with the Author of this Letter: In it he attempts to treat, like a Wit and a Politician of Wit and Policy, and *does neither, and is neither.*

*A.* Then he is not like *Longinus*, (of whom he has pretended to be the nearest Follower) who writing of the *Sublime*, not only gave Rules, how to arrive at it, but by writing them in a Style really Sublime, made every Rule which he there lays down, such an Example of it self, as will never be again exempl'd.

*B.* Why there again he may be like *Longinus*: The Rules that he lays down for Policy, and his Methods of treating about Wit, are indeed Examples to themselves, which never will be exempl'd. Thinks he, that calling *Rogue* and *Rascal* is Wit; or calling so great a Lord, as he does, to an Account, is Policy in him, even as a *Member*, who talks all Day long of his new Dignity, and values himself for it above the greatest Man in *England*. Here I must ask this Question; *Is Mr. S—— a Politician?*

*A.* But go regularly to work—— Here's the Paper, read the Beginning of it, and give me your Remarks upon that first: Come, I'll read it to you—— 'The regular Explanation of my Design, and the Pretension I have to the Title

‘ tle of this Paper, I shall think fit to suspend,  
 ‘ in Favour of the Author of the following Letter:  
 ‘ ter: All which I shall say at present is, That  
 ‘ for valuable Considerations I have purchas’d  
 ‘ the Lyon, Desk, Pen, Ink and Paper, and all  
 ‘ other Goods, of *Nestor Ironside*, Esq;

*B.* Enough of such a Thing as that Preface. I know it goes on with *Nestor*’s Admonitions to him to do good to his Country, that is, in the Language of the W——gs, to raise Sedition for a Faction: And his Promise to do it, was the valuable Consideration you read of: And then where he says, that *Nestor* laid his Hand upon his Head, and says, *Pass*, and so conveyed Science into him, is flat and childish. And all after that saying of *Nestor*’s to him, *viz.* Be an Englishman, is Wit aim’d at, but never hit. It puts me in mind of that Prophetick saying of the Midwife, when she us’d her Hand so, *Be thou dull.*

*A.* Well, since you know it so well, tell me what you think of the Design?

*B.* Pardon me there, I don’t much Care to trouble my self with a regular Explanation of the Design of that Author, because he himself has not only *suspended* it, but given us a Proof, that ’tis an *irregular* Design, as to *Morals*, whatever it may be as to *Wit*, which he has also *suspended* in this his first Paper. And I can’t help suspecting, that this Phrase, *Be an Englishman*, will be put amongst the Errata in a following Paper, and be amended thus, *Be a Dutchman.* For by the by, a Man must be as much a *Conjurer*, that can Hammer any  
 Art



Art or Science out of this scurrilous Dutchman, as *Nesfor* is by him represented to be, when by his Tricks of *Legerdemain*, which we know will never leave that old Fellow, he beat them into his thick Skull. In Favour to the Author, if I was a Publick Writer, I would let him know, the Danger of pursuing the *old Conjurer's* Admonition too far. A little Sense will not excuse a Man for Sowing a great deal of Sedition: It is no Plea to say, that he was put upon't by Men *wiser* than himself. If that was a Plea, no Punishment had ever been assigned for Sedition, for none but weak Men are guilty of it, in their publick Writings. *Ironside* will play him such a Devil's Trick, as the Master of Conjurers the Devil did, to \* *Barfisa*, when (as 'tis related in the *Guardian*) he assured him of his Assistance, till he brought him by Degrees to hang, where he left him, in a Halter.

A. As you say, if he goes on with his Seditious Design, or entertains any more of these Letters in his Pamphlets, and he comes once to be called to an Account, tho' his Friends should beg that his first Transgressions may be past over and forgiven, I am afraid neither his Friends will be able to get it to be past over; nor will the Word *PASS* spoken by this *Conjurer* do him the least good.

B. But that we may have an Idea of this Design, without the Explanation, we will if you please, take under our Consideration, the

B

Let-

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N.B. \* The History of *Barfisa* is in the CXLVIII *Guardian*.

Letter, in *Favour* of which, the Explanation of the Design was *suspended*.

*A.* Begging Pardon for the Interruption, Pray can you tell me who that Lord is to whom this political, witty and mannerly Letter is addressed, and who is his Man?

*B.* That's more than he, who had the Wit to write such a Letter, pretends to know himself. But your Question is very *a propos*, because it leads me into an Occasion of detecting him in an Inconsistency. You know this important Letter was sent in a Cover to the *Guardian*. Come, we'll consult the *awkward Pamphlet*. Observe these are the Words supposed to be in that Cover.

*S I R,*

' I am sorry I continue to trouble you so often, but I have lately received an Outrage from the Servant of a Man of Quality. And not knowing how otherwise to have Satisfaction, by reason I cannot learn the Man's Name, I desire you would Print the enclosed to his Master whom every Body supposes to be some great Lord, *I am, &c.*

*A.* I must own this in Favour of Mr. *Rich. S—*, that I cannot find out any Inconsistency in it: *Yes*, Here's this in it: A Man of as much reputed Wit as any in *England*, writing with the greatest Dullness, when 'tis certain he did not do it by Design, that's all the Inconsistency I can find for my Part. But this tells me, I should hold my Tongue, and hear you, who know better.

*B. Sir*

B. Sir—— You and I know, and so ought the Writer of this Letter to know, by *Horace's* Rule, That a whimsical Man, who has a Mind to be framing and telling of Stories, ought to make it approach the Truth.

*Follow Report, or feign coherent Things. Rosc.*

Can he pretend to have practised one Alternative of this Rule?

A. Yes; for he thinks it so probable to be taken for true.

B. Without taking half so much Pains as he did to make it true, I'll prove it evidently false. For observe me: This can't be by Report true, nor does he, I think, pretend it. No, his Letter is to his Master, whom *every Body supposes* to be some great Lord. Now then the Ground for this Conjecture can be only this, That the *Examiner* by what he has written cannot probably belong to any Body else. He could not *in any Place in England, but with that great Lord, learn to speak unintelligibly, with so much Fluency, Gravity, and Earnestness.*

For the next Proof that is given, shews, that 'tis from a Supposition, that Mr. *Examiner* must be under this great Lord's Direction or Protection, or he neither could nor would dare to write so. For in the Letter to my Lord, he says of the *Examiner*, That *he Abuses all Mankind, and they are afraid of him because they know he belongs to you.* We will suppose as Mr. S—— supposes, that by the Things which he writes, this Rogue the *Examiner* must be under the

Direction and Protection of this great Lord But for why must he? Because he could not write thus if he was not directed by this great Lord, so to do; and he would not dare to write so, if this great Lord did not Protect him in his Insolence. Granting this to be true: Nothing can be so wrong aimed, and so ridiculous, as this Letter of Mr. S——; for 'tis founded upon this Maxim among Gentlemen, That if you are abused by a Man of Quality's Footman, you are not to Cudgel another Person's Footman, but you are to demand of him to turn him away, or else the Affront is made his Master's, and you expect a Satisfaction from him. But here, by Mr. S——'s Leave, the Case is quite altered. If he knows that the Man could not learn it any where else, but in such a Gentleman's Service, and dare not do it, if that Gentleman did not Protect him: Here he ought not to demand the Man's being turn'd away, but demand of the Gentleman the Reason why he directed him so to do. If a Gentleman's Footman was, as I knew, ordered by him to Cane me, should I write to that Gentleman, to demand him to dismiss his Footman, and would that be any Part of my Satisfaction? No, My Business would be with the Gentleman. If Mr. S—— therefore was in Company here with us two, I would give him this Advice from *Horace*:

*Follow Report or feign Coherent Things. Rosc.*

But if you are not tired, I will shew that even his Supposition is false, viz. That a great Lord is the *Examiner's* Master. A.



A. Tired ! No indeed am not I, but very heartily pleased, and so pray proceed, for He is positive that *Every Body supposes it*.

B. Ay, and in the Body of the Letter the Word, *Suppose*, that was in the Cover, is alter'd to the Word *know*. For, he says, *They know he belongs to you*. This Assertion his own Words, viz. (*Every Body supposes*) contradict. And now I'll make him contradict himself again, where he says, every Body supposes a great Lord to be the *Examiner's* Master. Every Body supposes so ? No, nor he himself never suppos'd any such Thing ; and I can give you his own Word for't out of a Letter of his to the *Guardian*, wherein he says, that some suppose the Person who writes the *Examiner* to be of another Sex, and tell him often 'tis his Mistress. And he was so credulous, that he disclos'd the Supposition with an Air of Truth. Then he seems to suppose a Clergyman the Author, and forms a great many, as he thinks, witty, but as all the World thinks, awkward and ungrateful Sayings against him. If the Author of the *Examiner* must be suppos'd to be a Servant of this Great Lord, he must be then suppos'd so as well as now : (For Mr. S—— says in this Letter before us, I cannot recollect one Paper in which I believe he has not acted against the Conviction of his own Conscience) And if Mr. S—— had been then a Senator, he would have handled the Clergyman and his Mistress very well. For if we may suppose what Mr. S—— himself supposes, would it not be a pretty Jest for us to find, that the witty Mr. S—— the S——r, has called his  
Mi-

*Mistress, Rogue and Rascal, and a Clergyman* that was his own Friend, a Great Lord's Liveryman. Thus he supposes every Thing and so can be said to suppose really Nothing. And this is forsooth, Mr. S—— the Wit. And he sets his Name to these clashing Letters which would be apt to make a Man, as good natur'd as my Lord *Dorset*, exercise his worst natur'd Muse upon him and tell him

*Thou set'st thy Name to what thy self does Write,  
Did ever Satyr yet so sharply bite ?*

A. If these are the Grounds he goes upon, what Sort of a Letter shall we have, when we come to examine that a little more closely? Pray do that; I think you have discover'd his Cover to be a meer Cover; and it had been better for him, if it had been like most Covers, without any Thing written upon it.

B. Now then, for his Letter to my Lord. You shall hear, these are his Words,

My Lord,

‘ I beg your Pardon for trespassing so much  
‘ on your important Moments, as I do in this  
‘ Address; but 'tis an allow'd Method, and  
‘ indeed a Piece of Respect. I was outragiously  
‘ insulted by that Rascal of yours the *Exami-*  
‘ *ner*—— Now here is indeed a Piece of Respect.  
*I take the Liberty to ask whether your Lordship sup-*  
*ports him in his Sawciness, and demand of you to*  
*chastize him or turn him off.* Does he talk to  
this Lord with any Sign of Fear? Is not he up-  
on the Verge of a Challenge with him. Yet he  
says

says even of this Liveryman the *Examiner*. *He abuses all Mankind, and they are afraid of him, because they know he belongs to You.* Well, if all Mankind is afraid, after being abused, of this *Examiner*, because he is my Lord's Liveryman. I wonder how Mr. S—— had so much more Courage than all Mankind, that he is not only not afraid of the Liveryman, but of the Great Lord himself, and he uses the Lord like the Liveryman: At this Rate, I don't wonder that *he has march'd with Fifty thousand valiant Men.* Nor I shall not wonder if it should happen that he should never come into *the Company of Five hundred Wise ones*; and he says very well, that *he shall never give a Vote out of Peevishness and Personal Disobligation.* I believe him. In fine, there runs thro' the whole, a Spirit of—— *Something* that I don't care to name: And if the *Dutchman* means such a Spirit, in his Preface, where he says his Paper is principally intended to rouse in this divided Nation, that lost Thing called Publick Spirit. (And here I can't help crying out, Alas! Poor dear *Flying-Post*, lost and ruin'd *for being a much honestier Man* than the *Examiner*, and a Man of more Publick Spirit) I can't help agreeing with him when he asserts, upon that very Account; that it was not improper to begin *such* a Paper, whose principal Intent was *such*, with *such* Epistles.

To return therefore to this Epistle; One Remark more I must make upon these Words: They are afraid of him because they know he belongs to You. There must be more Reason for Mankinds being afraid of a Man, than because

cause he serves a Peer : 'Tis not his Master's being barely a Lord, would protect him ; No, he is a *Great Lord*, that is, I suppose, some M—— And then mayn't my Lord say (if he would condescend to take Notice of such a Letter) See how *this* Correspondent of the Bayliff of *Stockbridge* treats us Patricians and M——

'Tis, too scurrilous to take any more Notice of. If he means what some in the World think he does, and shews it so plainly to be his Meaning, that if he should deny it, the World will still take it to be his plain Meaning. I believe he may come to wish that his Emmet with the white Straw, and other such Extravagant Whimsies did not lead him to it. Does he know whom he threatens, whom he speaks to in this Manner ? Is it the Lord's Man ? No, he is to be call'd nothing but that Rogue and Rascal the *Examiner*. This is Mr. S——'s Wit. And he should be told what the *Examiner* thinks of him. I believe it might be rightly express'd in Mr. *Collier's* Words to another Whig-wit, which are thus, as near as I can remember. ' Railling is a ' poor and unchristian Talent ; 'tis the Sign ' of a desperate Cause and a desperate Con- ' science. All I can say to't is, that I pity ' the Man and despise the Malice. And a Man might quote to him better out of his own Scriptures,

*The better Sort abhors Scurrility,  
And often censures what the Rabble likes.*

Rosc.  
Well,



Well, but he writes to the Lord, demands of him to chastise him, and turn him off for his Sawciness; tells him 'tis a Dishonour to him, to entertain such a Fellow in his Service; and at last, after comparing him with the *Flying Post*, says he has Wit to make him fit for much better Business than that in which he is employ'd. Therefore now 'tis a Dishonour to the *Examiner* to be a Livery-Man to his Lord. See how rude and how civil Mr. S—— is by Turns, both to my Lord and to the *Examiner*. Is not this Wit? I believe, if Contradiction may be call'd Variety of Thought, Mr. S—— has the most Variety of Thought of any Man in *England*. But I have one Quotation more out of the witty Mens \*Scriptures, which 'twould do him Service to be put in mind of.

*Never be so conceited of your Parts,  
To think you may perswade us what you please.*

Rosc.

I confess I am weary of making these Remarks, and you I believe are of hearing them. If any Enemy heard me say so, I had given Room for a Witicism, in saying every Body would be weary of such Remarks as well as our selves; but I believe 'twould be by Reason of the Subject they are form'd upon. Well, but in earnest I see you are weary.

A. Pray proceed: That *Rogue* and *Rascal* is what cuts me most to the Quick; when the *Examiner* gave him no greater Provocation than  
C this

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\* Scripture is a Term made use of on the like Occasion, by Mr. S——, in the *Christian Hero*.

this, as he owns himself ; that he should say of Mr. S——, that *he had oblig'd his Party with a very awkward Pamphleteer in the Room of an excellent Droll.*

B. This Livery-Man has accepted his Sorrow once already, for calling him *Miscreant* ; tho' he endeavour'd to perswade him 'twas no Affront, by running to Etimology. And yet if I should call the *Guardian* in for a *Martyr* of this (that is a Witness, as Mr. Collier tells another Whig) should not I be justly derided ? But I wonder what Etimologies we shall have next, *Rogue* and *Rascal* wants to be atton'd for the same Way.

A. One Thing I remark too in him my own self : That Author is a mighty Friend to the Imperative Mood. As by Inference, his Letter bears this Construction, *Turn away your Servant, or, as if the Lord was again his Servant to do what he bid him:*

B. That's like, *Demolishing Dunkirk, or, the British Nation Expects, Expects, Expects it ;* the Sense of which is in a former Letter of his to the *Guardian*, and repeated in a Pamphlet, humbly dedicated to the Bayliff of *Stockbridge*—— And since he is said to have used his Qu——n in this imperious Manner, may be, he may think it a Piece of W——ish Attonement ; that he falls in his Insults, and attacks now not a Head that wears a G——n, but a Head that wears a *Coronet*—— And here again I may repeat this Question, *Is not Mr. S—— a great Politician ?* For my Part, I can't forbear thinking of two Lines, that a Friend of yours and mine once said on the like Occasion. He

*He only does himself Lampoon,  
And barks like Dog against the Moon.*

And therefore I think it is Time to end with him, which cannot be better done than in his own Way of Criticising. He says the *Examiner* spoke unintelligibly against him, uttering these Words, *Ghent, Bruges, Transito, Insulting*. And what is the Farewell of his own Letter, but so many pompous Sentences huddled together, to give him a great Air? *Legislative Capacity, handled! How I shall be handled. How he treats US Senators, marching with Fifty Thousand Men, never being with Five Hundred wise ones. Accountable to no one, and the greatest Man in England accountable to him.* Granting him all this to be true, at the End of a Letter written to a Lord to turn away his Livery-Man for abusing him, 'tis all Rant, 'tis beyond all the Flights of *Nat. Lee*, tho' he wrote one of his Plays in *Bedlam*; and it proves *Mr. Dryden's* Verses to be good.

*Great Wits to Madness sure are near ally'd,  
And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide.*

'Tis said by *Seneca* somewhere, that Anger is a short Madness, and that some have been carry'd by Anger into a Frenzy, out of which they never return'd to their former Senses. And 'tis a common Saying, That Madness oftentimes runs in the Blood. Therefore, if there's any Man that is in the first Place a great Wit, in the next Place has had the Misfortune of a fine Woman of his

Family to grow distracted, and moreover finds that Anger leads him the same Way, should not he above all Men alive, endeavour to be very cautious amidst all this Complication of Misfortunes, which seem to threaten, that they will end not, as some have thought formerly, in a *GOAL*, but in *BEDLAM*.

To return to Mr. S—, I must own I believe he wrote that Letter in *Anger* and grating of Heart, or he had never suffer'd himself to call Names.

He who has been an Officer, and a *Writing* Officer too ; *one wise one*, marched perhaps with several Thousands, that *were blunt, unthinking Instruments of Death, and Thickscull'd Hero's*, as *Dryden* terms it, I say he always knew that there was more Honour in begging Pardon for calling Names, than justifying himself for't ; and that 'tis as much disgraceful to quarrel unjustly, and not acknowledge it, as 'tis to have Justice on your Side, and run away from the Proof on't, only with this Difference, that there is for *such* a Man a *more odious* Name, than even that of a Coward. But to take our Farewell merrily, don't you remember this same Gentleman when he wrote the *Spectators*, drop'd some Minutes once ?

*A.* Yes ; and People differed in their Opinions. I forget the Coffee-House they were lost in ; but some, I think took them for Conjuring ; some for one Thing, and some for another Thing ; but one wise one above the rest, cry'd out upon't for a Plot upon the State.

*B.* That's



*B.* That's the Thing I wanted to instance in; I believe 'tis for that Reason, that Mr. S—— took the *Examiner* into Minutes. For I'll lay my Life, some will say he's guilty of a Plot : *Ghent ! Bruges ! Transito ! Insulting !* Therefore when I see the *Examiner*, I'll advise him to set down these Words : *Tugghe, Dunkirk, Memorial, Underwritten, Mesnager, Colbert, Dread and Terrour ; the Sieurs first ; Steele ; The Flying-Post a much honestest Man ; Faculties of the Head ; Inclinations of the Heart ; my Lord your Rogue ; Reform his Morals and his Politicks, Legislative Capacity ; accountable to no Man ; but the greatest Man in England is accountable to me ;* and then I'm sure he'll be even with him.

*A.* He would indeed be even with him : But there's no need of telling the *Examiner*. S—— shall hear of it from you, I have drawn you in to be a sawcy Rogue too, as well as he : Stay here till I step to my Closet and take a Paper out—— And I'll prove you a Rogue.

*B.* Well now, how will you make a Rogue of me ?

*A.* Thus, *Pafs*, See here's all our Dialogue in *Short Hand*, I'll away with it to the Press. There's my *Amanuensis*. I knew, no Body would be at the Pains of answering it, in a regular Way, and therefore provok'd you to talk on't, and order'd my Man to take down Word for Word what was said upon't. So, *He* shall be the *Author*. There's many a *Spectator* and *Tatler* has found an *Author* after the same Manner. And since Liverymen are said to write *Examiners*,

ners, I thought my Liveryman was as free to do it as another ; We'll be his *Mæcenases*, and be dedicated to, since we dictated to him, by the same Rule that Mr. *Add——n* has been such a one to another great Author. *This is Study by Proxy* ; Come you *Rogue*, you *Rascal*, *My Rogue and my Rascal*, I call you so because you may be us'd to't now you're going to be a *Livery-Author*. Come along to the Press, with me, and be an Author.

*Liveryman*. I see I have put my self in a Way of being very Witty, without ever troubling my Head about it. An Author need not Think I find, if he can but Write—— I shall outdo the Footman that is the great Poet.

*A*. Who's that you *Rogue* ?

*Liv*. Oh, one that has more Wit than Mr. *S---*

*A*. And is a Lord's Footman too, *Rascal* ?  
Gad, *S——p's* in the Right then.

*Liv*. No, he's so far from a Politician, I fear he'll always be a Footman.

*A*. Sirrah, You shall have a Hand in your own Works.

*Liv*. I know no Body has had any Hand in them but my self——For I writ them—— That's a Mechanick Pretence : But 'tis as good as some Men of Wit have to their Works.

*A*. The Rogue's witty. Go, and add this little Discourse to it ; and merit your own Name ; and fix a Dedication, as I dictate it, to the *Englishman* ; then to the Press : Come, write.

*B*. So

B. So ended *Horace*.

*I puer atq; meo Citus hac subscribe Libello.*

Come, I am quite weary, and 'tis Time to break up. Now for a Bottle, and don't let us have one Word more of the Matter. So ended *Horace* too: *Verbum non amplius addam.*

F I N I S.

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*Advertisement.*

**S**INCE *My* Dialogue was sent to the Press, a Brother Liveryman, to whom I boasted of my Performance, has assured me, that, if I will but consult the witty Lord *Pem---ke's* Speeches, I may prove the Author of this Letter to be an errand *Plagiary*. And for the Benefit of the Publick, after my Master Mr. *A---* is a Bed, I will venture upon some Lucubrations, in order to set that Matter in a clear Light ; till then,

*I am*

*Mr. S---*'s Servant,  
The Liveryman.